



Threnodia Histrionalis.

A N W P 21.9 40/19

E L E G Y

On the Untimely and much Lamented Death of

Mr. Davenett,

Treasurer of the *Old Play-House*, who was barbarously Murther'd by Three
sperate *Dutch Ruffians*, May the 18th. 1698.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori. Hor.

CAN so much *Worth* untimely to the *Earth*
Drop, fade, & Perish? can such *Pious Breath*,
By savage Hands, be stopp'd & not a *Tear*,
In doleful *Cadence*, wait the *Slow-pac'd Bier*?
No, no, unto *Just DAVENET's Pious Worth*,
Heliconian TEARS in *Showers* are poured forth;
Melpomenes the *MUSES* are become;
They Mourn for *HIM* as an *ADOPTED SON*,
And rightly too, *HIS Justice, Thrift, and Care*,
(Those precious *Jems* which shin'd in *HIM* most clear)
Their *Fancies* rais'd, *HE* tun'd their *Warbling Lyre*,
HIS LOVE maintained their *Seraphick FIRE*,
T' enbalm *His Name*, this *Truth* the *Stage* do's give,
A *juster STEWARD* never yet did *Live*.
He bore the *Bag*, yet *Judas's Sin* did *Scorn*,
As *Syrian Bribes* were not by th' *Prophet* worn.
No needless *Cost* did fill his *Journal Leaf*,
As *Free* he gave, as others do receive,
He never none, nor none could *Him* deceive.

Nor do the *MUSES*, and their *Worthy Train*
Here only Mourn, *Augusta* dos complain
Round *Pearly TEARS* Her *Royal Cheeks* bedew,
Her *Rich*, Her *Poor*, proportion'd *Grief* do shew;
So *HE* was *Lov'd*, such *His diffusive Grace*,
That *Cloudy Sorrows* vail each *Charming Face*,

The sudden *News* of his *untimely Death*
Ev'n for a time *Depriv'd Astraea's Breath*;
The *Goddess* sigh'd grew *Pale*, and waxed faint,
Till to *Nemesis* she this message sent:

Just DAVENET's Slain, go *speedily prepare*
Thy *Poyson'd Darts*, and see thou do not spare,
The *daring Villains*, make their *Hearts* to *Bleed*,
For their *Inhumane, Cursed, Monstruous Deed*.

Great *Thundring JOVE* then joyn'd his *dreaded*
From *Heaven* fell large *Flakes* of *Faming Fire*
All *Nature* was into *confusion* Hurl'd,
The *Heavens* Alarmed by the *Gries* oth' *World*

Should *Pious Men*, by *Savage Hands*, thus f.
And should not *Justice* to a *reckoning* call,
Such *base Offenders*, the *Gygantick Crew*
'Gainst *Heaven* again would *Bloody wars* renew
This said the *GOD* of *Eloquence*, and then
In *Chorus* joyn'd the *Eulogies* of *Men*,

Such *Hopeful worth*, and so *untimely gone*,
In *Ages* *Stories* never yet was known:
Like *Glittering Phoebe*, in her *Zenith Hight*,
HIS Sparkling Virtues daz'd *Humane* sight
Ev'n *carping Envy* is constrain'd to own
Such *real worth* was nere so *base* or *ethrown*
For *pittyng Love*, and *forward valour* shown.

EPITAPH.

HE had not dy'd could *Virtue* save,
Nor so *untimely* dropt to th' *Grave*,
Could *Valour* shield 'gainst power of *Death*
Or *Good Descent* preserve frail *Breath*.
But *Oh, alas!* to th' *shades* below,
Without distinction, all do go,
Death spareth none, the *Just*, the *Wise*,
Impartial He dos sacrifice;
This difference can *Mortals* tell;
The *Just* do leave a *Fragrant Smell*.
To *atter Ages*, whilst the *Name*
Of the *Wicked* vanish like a *Dream*.